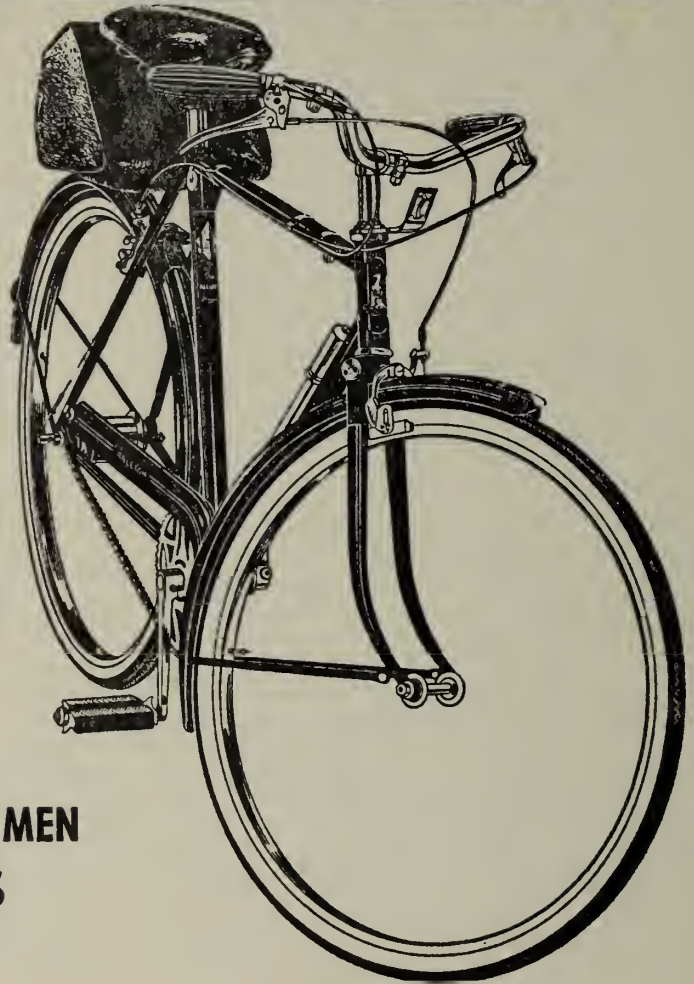






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FROM THE BOYS**

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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

FINAL  
ISSUE

VOLUME LXXX  
Number III  
June 1961

Published 3 times a year by the students of the  
Boston Latin School,  
Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy-five cents per year, by mail two dollars. Contributions solicited from undergraduates. Contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written on one side of the paper only. Contribution will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and merits of the manuscript.



Medalist  
Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Assn.



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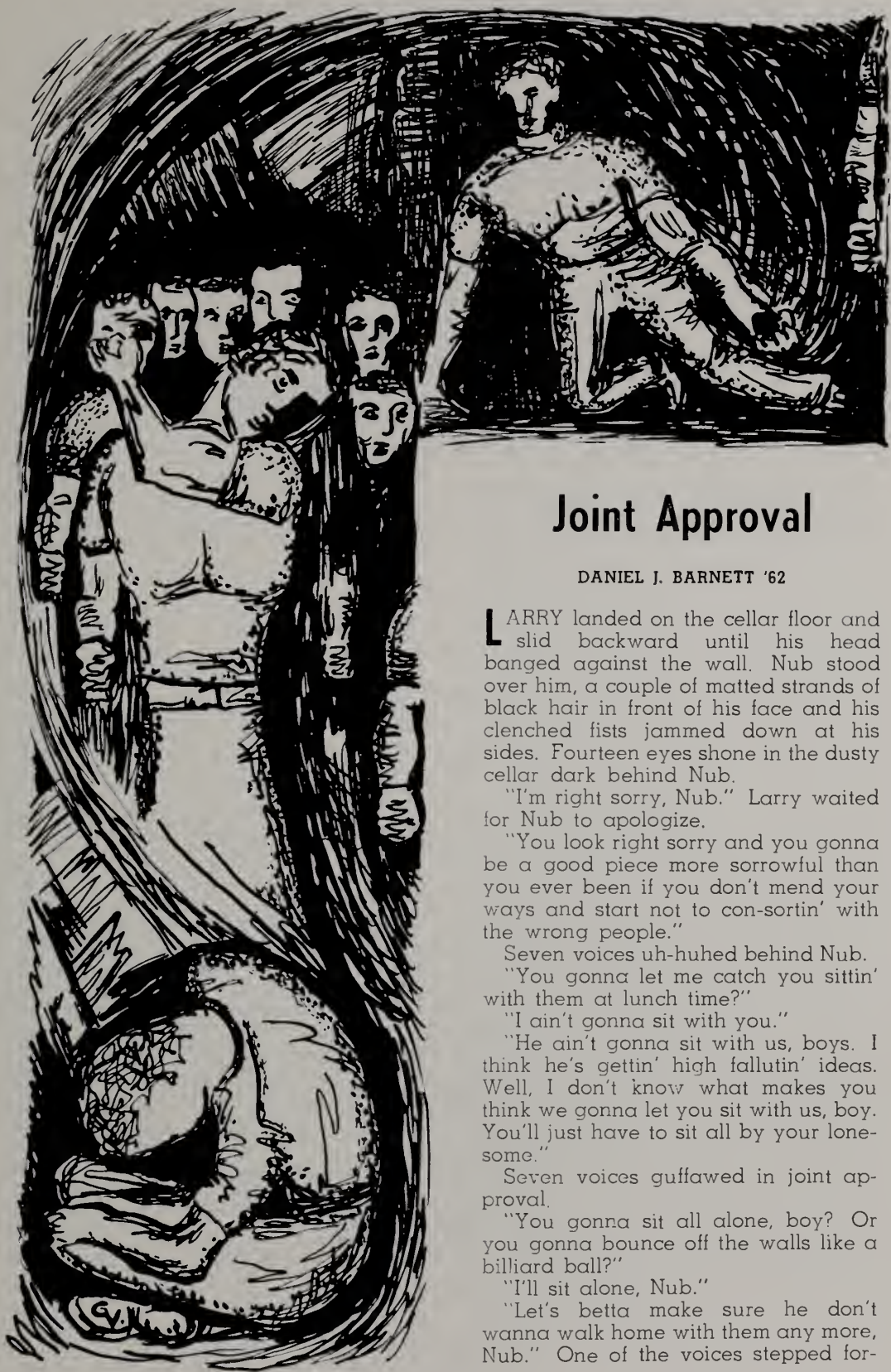
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## Joint Approval

DANIEL J. BARNETT '62

LARRY landed on the cellar floor and slid backward until his head banged against the wall. Nub stood over him, a couple of matted strands of black hair in front of his face and his clenched fists jammed down at his sides. Fourteen eyes shone in the dusty cellar dark behind Nub.

"I'm right sorry, Nub." Larry waited for Nub to apologize.

"You look right sorry and you gonna be a good piece more sorrowful than you ever been if you don't mend your ways and start not to con-sortin' with the wrong people."

Seven voices uh-huhed behind Nub.

"You gonna let me catch you sittin' with them at lunch time?"

"I ain't gonna sit with you."

"He ain't gonna sit with us, boys. I think he's gettin' high fallutin' ideas. Well, I don't know what makes you think we gonna let you sit with us, boy. You'll just have to sit all by your lonesome."

Seven voices guffawed in joint approval.

"You gonna sit all alone, boy? Or you gonna bounce off the walls like a billiard ball?"

"I'll sit alone, Nub."

"Let's betta make sure he don't wanna walk home with them any more, Nub." One of the voices stepped for-

ward. "Let me betta make sure this time."

Nub eyed the new voice suspiciously. "An' how many of the guys do you want to hold him for you? If anybody's gonna do the betta-makin'-sure, it'll be me." He looked down at Larry almost benevolently. "An' he looks to me as if he's had enough betta-makin'-sure for one day."

Nub turned, pushing his way through his people to the stairs and then stopped and looked at his supporters, still regarding the fallen Larry.

"You gonna walk home with them, big boy?"

"No, I ain't gonna walk home with them."

Again, almost benevolently Nub said, "It's bad enough in school. . . But on the street. . . He sighed indulgently. "I tell you now, boy. . . Pay mind . . . or you're about to get yourself killed."

Nub stalked up the steps and the rest clambered after him.

Larry wore sunglasses the next morning to cover his black eye. He had fortified himself with the story of how the ladder broke while he was helping to paint the house. Quite a job scrubbing all the paint off, he'd laugh. Oriole Avenue was empty when Larry left for school, half an hour earlier than usual. The sun hadn't yet baked the cool freshness out of the air, and the quiet allowed him to ponder Nub's warnings. He crossed Alberta Street reenforcing his house-painting story and worrying about keeping it from getting back to Nub. He shuddered at the thought of building a complicated web of lies, and it occurred to him suddenly, almost irresistibly, to tell everyone — to stand on the broad stone steps of the school and yell out that Nub and seven of his cohorts had taken him down into a cellar and knocked the stuffing out of him.

Then, from twenty feet down Alberta Street he heard an eager hello. One of the girls he had welcomed to the school the day before hurried toward him. He stopped briefly, then instinctively looked behind him to see if there was anyone else on Oriole Avenue. He looked at the girl for an instant, then glanced behind him again. He hopped up onto the curb, about to break into a run when she was beside him.

"Why, Larry! What happened to your face?"

All at once his mind emptied. He gesticulated feebly. The lie was there, but it wouldn't come out. He stammered a couple of times, then broke into a trot, leaving the girl standing on the corner with her mouth open.

He felt all the rage and frustration of being straight-jacketed. All at once he wanted to stand in front of Nub and take a swing at him, then let eight sets of fists pummel him, beat him to the ground; after that he would yell out to the newcomers to look and see a real martyr. Then he thought of the actual impact of the fists on his face, and he forced his anger into another direction, this time at the newcomers and at their dissatisfaction with separate, **but equal** schools.

He turned off Oriole Avenue and doubled back to the park behind his house. He waited there, pretending to be reading his history, until he was sure his mother had left for work. Then he went home and upstairs to the attic.

He sat in the attic all morning, turning the fight over in his mind. He closed his eyes and clenched his fists and mashed Nub's ugly face into a bloody pulp a hundred times. Then he fell asleep on the attic floor in the warm sunlight that streamed in through the window facing Oriole Avenue. In his sleep he struck at Nub; and while the big leader lay stunned and panting on the cellar floor, Larry flattened each of the seven henchmen, one at a time, over and over again. As they went down, the cellar floor opened up and swallowed them; but somehow they kept coming back for more, while Nub lay helpless and watched with terror-filled eyes. Then, somehow, the ugly figures were gone, and there stood one of the newcomer boys, big and raw-boned, with passive, open arms and a beseeching face. Larry stood aside from himself. He watched helplessly while his own image, unable to stop swinging, hit the newcomer in the face. But instead of going down, the boy stood with his body in the same beseeching posture, and where his open face had been, there was nothing, nothing at all. Larry awoke to the voices of the groups of strolling teens returning from school.

Larry crouched in his fort the next morning. Between himself and the enemy there were three garbage cans belonging to the rooming house on Jackson Avenue, a NO PARKING sign, and the lamp post on the corner of Oriole and Jackson. Men walked by with their shirt sleeves rolled up and a cuss word behind their ear, all saved up like a pencil they were afraid to put down for fear they would misplace it. Women walked by in pairs with strollers. They kept the cuss words on the backs of their hands, so they'd be handy when they shielded their mouths with them. The school girls had them quiet in their oversized pocketbooks and between the pages of the books they clutched close to themselves; the schoolboys had them gripped like shot puts, one firm and solid in each hand, just like the two smooth one-pounder rocks that Larry held.

Larry looked nervously behind him at the high grey frame of the rooming house and at the young man leaning out of the window, with his hands on the ledge and his arms locked rigid. The young man breathed the morning air in, slowly and deeply. His eyes followed the beavies of schoolgirls and the boys that shuffled close on their heels, pelting them with little insolent

ces. But the young man did not see Larry and tell him to get out of there with his rocks.

It wasn't going to be a long wait, though, because Larry, living on Oriole Avenue, knew who went by every day on the way to school. He knew that in two or three minutes he would be relieved of the burden of his problem.

They were coming now. Larry tensed and the rocks got wet under his palms. He crouched like a sprinter the second before the gun. He only wondered whether he could throw well enough. He prayed that he wouldn't miss the chance and throw the way he did from the outfield, so wild that it sailed into the backstop and got stuck. Nub was only thirty yards away. Twenty. That was close enough.

Larry got up out of his crouch. Nub saw him and eyed him suspiciously. Good. Larry drew a careful bead across broad Oriole Avenue. One rock flew and one of the new girls fell. Her books slid on their shiny covers across the sidewalk and two slipped off into the gutter. Two of the new boys kneeled over her; blood trickled slowly from her forehead. The second rock dropped loosely to the sidewalk and bounced, clattering between the garbage cans.

## Ode to Tetragrammaton II

You're no avatar of  
 phylactery fetish or tallith talisman  
 or abracadabra allelujah,  
 or hosanned in antiphon  
 of thermodynamic colophon,  
 an isotopic mass of kinetic Kyries  
 and tetrabasic Te Deums,  
 paternostered in ions of nuclear-physical  
 paeans, in catalyzations of  
 nitroglycerin libations,  
 in roentgen rite, dioxide doxologies,  
 formulae for horae canonicae  
 and hexaflouride hecatomb,  
 O Bomb!

DAVID SHEVACH '62





## Voice of the Musical

GUNARS VIKSNINS '62

**F**LASHING red lights, rags to scarlet gowns and rhinestones, a slinky dance step, an earthy tune and Ethel Merman, a pinch of spice and a dash of pathos—all boiled together in a musical cauldron—produces **Gypsy**, a fable on the memoirs of Gypsy Rose Lee that Walter Kerr of the Herald-Tribune has dubbed "the best damn musical in years." On yet another stage, the comedy lights are softly blue-pink with the mood of romance and fall on a basket of violets, as the classic cockney shrew, Elisa Doolittle, (played by Caroline Dixon) presses a bunch to her dirty cheek and sings the mild and melodious "Wouldn't It Be Lovely." The theatre poster proclaims MY FAIR LADY — THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL as a likeness of Bernard Shaw looks on to remind us that this is an adaptation of his **Pygmalion**.

Styles differ, stories differ, tastes differ, the lights differ, from author to author, from year to year; but the posters, playbills, and hysterical reviews remain unchanged. They are like figures on a lacquered box, smooth, shiny, and decorous; but only by opening it can one see why its contents are appealing. Backstage, the cast, the only tangible voice of the musical, holds the answer to this question that the critic seems to ignore.

A background of tuning instruments and a foreground of cold coffee, cigarette smoke, and messy makeup provides the setting for my discussion with Alfred Sandor, leading man in **Gypsy**.

"The musical," he says, "is simply a play with music but must be distinguished from the operetta. The operetta is a synthetic play produced in a grand style about princes and such. Musical drama (he expressed his belief that the word **drama** is more accurate than comedy) is true to life."

"Which element is most important to a good musical — the drama or the music?"

"A musical should, at least **Gypsy** does, hold music and drama equally important . . . But either should be





able to stand alone. In any case, to get a good musical you have to have damn good music, damn good drama, and damn good humor." He continues with a classic reference, "Perhaps the goal of the musical is similar to that of the Greek plays of Aeschylus — the perfect marriage of drama, dance and music." Mr. Sandor further believes that the theatre should teach and that the musical drama as a medium in the theatre arts, should also teach. "I believe that we have progressed from the gaudy, businessman entertainment, the forget-your-worries type of show, to serious drama."

"How has the element of style progressed?"

"The essential feature of the style of the good, modern musical drama, as in the Shakespearean drama, is that the words are real and mean something . . . realistic, uncontrived. I feel that in much of modern drama words decline in importance until you can only guess at their meaning. There is a wave of ultra-naturalism in drama dealing only with the **absurdly** basic functions of life. This is fine if it adds to the play, but standing alone it can be labeled under the Greek term — scat-ar." He feels that for the time being

this ultra-realism has been discarded from the musical and would probably agree to Ethel Merman's line, "good riddance to bad rubbish."

Julienne Marie, who plays the title role in **Gypsy**, continues along the same line: "**Gypsy** does, as musicals should, present a slice of life. In this particular show I feel that there is an element of pathos . . . everyone is able to see something of himself. That is why I think a good book is more important than the music. The story is real; it could happen, it did happen . . . honest representation of reality makes for good drama."

"How would you say the musical developed?"

". . . the musical comedy is of course strictly American. It probably had its beginnings in western taverns . . . then it was taken by the culture-conscious East and fused with the operetta. So the musical progressed from the saloon songs and the Dutch dances and German beer tunes of the operettas to its position as fine drama today."

It seems that messy dressing rooms are contagious among theatre people; and, with the assistance of a black poodle jumping in and out of my lap, I address the pixie, petite, charming and British, Caroline Dixon, **My Fair Lady's** fair lady. After locking up her



amorous dog, she put very simply the development of the musical, concluding clearly what Miss Marie had stated. "It rose from the treating of lower forms of entertainment with high form talent . . . just as from the dissonance you call rock-and-roll emerged something like **West Side Story**." Her definition of the musical comedy is plainly "entertainment"; and she draws a rhetorical comparison between the musical and operetta. "The musical is a play with music; the operetta, music with a play."

Her crisp British accent is most distracting, and I find myself enjoying the sound of her voice rather than concentrating on her ideas. Nevertheless, I can still quote rather accurately her words about **My Fair Lady**. ". . . Fair Lady belongs to the romantic school and Shaw certainly provided it with a good book. It has a classic plot and the most melodious score of any musical I know." Therefore she feels that it has all the ingredients of great musical drama, ". . . even though it is a Cinderella story of sorts, it is nonetheless real, and through it we can see a little bit of ourselves and laugh at our foibles."

After she scolds the dog for interrupting, I ask her to compare the English and American musical. "American musicals are big, high-form theatre . . . good drama; they are exported to Europe and produced by local companies. The English musical is a lower form, more local folk-song affair, certainly not for export."

Miss Dixon, like Mr. Sandor, seems to have an aversion for some aspects of modern drama, especially the over-emphasis on "the minorities of life." She completes her statement very artistically: "If you live in a cannibalistic society, I suppose you can enjoy watching people devour each other."

In praising the qualities of "My Fair Lady," she expresses other important criteria for musical drama: ". . . beauty is most essential . . . I suppose that beauty can most generally be defined as what gives pleasure." Another quality is that the comedy relief must be in good taste, "not trite . . . no out-dated cornball . . ."

When I ask her whether the musical has changed or progressed in recent years, I get a curious answer:

"It has changed . . . not progressed. It has reached a certain standard in drama, and styles are changing from year to year; but we still have to wait for it to progress to a finer standard." This statement corresponds to her belief that the goal or ideal of an actor, and so likewise of the production, is "perfection."

The critic's point of view was found inadequate; the musical's point of view was presented by the actors. However, perhaps what the observer, an element of the audience, experiences is the most important stroke to the moist, yet unfinished picture.

The spotlight is on the orchestra and the conductor shakes out the overture—a potpourri of tunes that you've whistled a hundred times but never known the words for or where they came from.

The plot unfolds as Ethel Merman trumpets a song to the far corners of the second balcony; on another scene, Caroline Dixon spins a smooth, enchanting melody that lightly floats throughout the house. Some tunes are loud, some soft; some are gay, some funny, some sad—even tragic. Sometimes the scene is rollicking and you want to leap on stage and join in the merriment; sometimes it is melancholy with the punch of an ironic phrase that leaves one thinking.





Humor varies in shows as well as between shows. **Gypsy** has sort of a "Mr. Roberts" type of humor; funny in some places, touching and sad in others. **My Fair Lady** is lighter, but just as real; you laugh at the foibles and find that in a way you are laughing at yourself.

The musical delights the senses. Music — liquid poetry — is nectar for our sense of hearing; we see the lights, the costumes, the acting and dancing, and our eyes are pleased by this artistic form. The combined product appeals to our sense of rhythm, our sense of beauty, the abstract sixth sense — the feeling for art.

There are many images and changing moods, and the musical turns on like a kaleidoscope. We peer through it and see a brightly colored, yet somehow familiar image of life. *Gypsy* becomes a queen of sorts, and *Elisa* is transformed into an elegant lady; and I suppose that "all's well that ends well." But it has not ended; we have seen only a "slice of life." Our imagination has the pleasure of turning the kaleidoscope some more and watching the colored fragments make new patterns.

Can one analyze such reactions? Per-

haps Shopenhauer had the right answer when he said that all arts aspire to the condition of music. He was referring to the abstract qualities of music; in music and almost in music alone it is possible to appeal to the audience directly without the intervention of a medium of communication in common use for other purposes. Only the composer of music is perfectly free to create a work of art of his own consciousness, and with no other aim than to please. So it is with the musical. As a form of art it communicates a sense of beauty which gives pleasure through the ideal medium; and as a form of drama, besides giving pleasure, it expresses a concept of life.

However, the musical comedy cannot be compared with drama or with music separately. Each medium has its own impact. The musical can express only that ideal which can be **realized** by its form — the integration of drama, dance, and music.

The curtain drops and rises again, and at this moment the scene is alike on all stages. White lights are flooding the bowing casts who, like moths to a flame, return to the soaring applause. The curtain falls; the program says **finis**.

## The Excuse

MARTIN BICKMAN '63

"THE creature — hum — strapped to the platform," said the bug-eyed monster, "has been brought to our — er — ah — planet by my super interstellar-force-matter-force-matter-atomic converter. He is from the planet Earth, and I believe — um — that he is a younger member of the predominating species. By the way, this is the same race that Rocky Rogers, that meddling — ah — nin-compoop, belongs to." The bugs in his eyes now crawled with more than usual vigor.

The character to whom he was speaking was all ears — approximately twenty of them, crowded around his bulb-shaped head. Not a pretty sight, especially from my viewpoint on a large circular disk several inches from the floor. A very disgusting situation. "Tell me, Thar Thodamp," he said, "would you enlighten me as to — uh — how this converter operates?"

Bug-eyes scanned the contraption-congested laboratory for a moment before replying. "Clearly a very simple matter, to be sure. With a high-powered ionic beam I focus on objects light-years away. Then the paratronic aleph rays react reciprocally to produce a frequency change. Obviously, this negates the — um — ah — intervariated force field, reacting on the fifth dimensional plane of Ellpsth. The last final result, which is also the — hum — outcome, is that the energy is converted back to mass, and this young Earthling, whom I selected at random, was brought to our laboratory in the form of energy, and at the speed of light." What a mass I was in!

"I see. Now that your experiment is a success, what do you plan to do with him?" asked All-Ears.

Thar Thodamp expanded his features into a smile. "Well, I hear that the

three-vee people are looking for actors for their horror movies."

Good grief, I thought. One moment I had been pushing and shoving in the crowded school corridors, trying to get to my next period. In the next instant, I had found myself in this unearthly, and for that matter, unsolar, laboratory, under the surveillance of this alien version of Mutt and Jeff.

Suddenly, a figure appeared in the doorway. From my platform I could see that he wore a sleek black and gold uniform and a plastic beanie-type cap.

"Nebulous Neptune! So we meet again, Rocky Rogers," exclaimed bug-eyes.

"But this time it will be the last," said the newcomer leaping with bravura from machine to machine as he fired a small gun at the monster, instantly transforming him into a pile of dust. Then he performed the same operation on All-Ears, who metamorphosed into an even smaller pile of dust. What courage!

I must have blurted out a stream of interrogatives, for my rescuer said, while unbuckling my straps, "Hold your questions for a while and let me explain. I am Rocky Rogers." He paused, as if waiting for a sign of recognition. "I am a captain in the World Police Force of 2196. I read in the *Galactic Annals*\* that Thar Thodamp would kidnap a student from the Earth of 1961. I simply stepped into my cosmic space-time-land-sea-air shuttle and arrived here to save the day."

"Gee whiz, Golly. You mean you crossed the deepest depths of time and space just to save me?"

"Not quite. I'm much too busy with rescuing dazzling damsels from the cruel cold clutches of villainous villains." Although Rocky impressed me as intelligent, sometimes I had the feeling that he was alliterate. "The real reason I'm here is to safeguard the Earth. You see, this was a convenient place, and I had to contact a twentieth century man before the Martian threat became too serious."

"Martians?" I asked, "but we know that the recent flying saucer scare was a hoax."

"Will you please stop interrupting. Obviously, the Martians aren't so foolish as to use clumsy, conspicuous flying saucers. Instead they manufacture on Mars exact duplicates of your commercial air-liners. Then, without suspicion, they fly these pseudo-airplanes filled with human-disguised Martians into your airports. When enough Martians are distributed around the globe by these subtle methods, they plan to take over the world."

"Now wait a second," I said. "You're from what we consider 'the future' so you apparently know how this is going to turn out."

"Not necessarily. We're just on the fringe of exploring the paradoxes of time. True, the history books say that Earth was saved from the Martian invasion, but perhaps it was liberated only because I'm warning you now. Or maybe it was only saved in one of the multi-dimensional universes, or . . . well, anyway, this is no issue to take chances with."

"I suppose not," I assented. "Now what can we do to stop them? I mean, we really should."

"It's a good thing you asked that question," said Rocky, kicking at a couple of mounds of dust in an otherwise clean laboratory. "The only way to kill a Martian is with a patented Rocky Rogers Jiffy Martian Exterminator. All you have to do is aim this wonderful little gadget at a suspect. If he is a Martian he will instantly fall to the ground, dying a wonderfully horrible death."

"And if he isn't?" I asked.

"Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained. . . Now we'll try to get you back to your own environment. I'll find some way to get those Martian exterminators to you. There'll be a slight charge, of course. Now step into Thar Thodamp's machine."

The machine was a cross between a telephone booth, an outhouse, and a pinball machine. I brushed against a maze of variegated wires as I entered. My last recollection was seeing Rocky Rogers fumbling with the controls on a nearby panel, before I was enveloped by nothingness. Then I found myself lying on the sidewalk of a streamlined city. The skyscraper-invaded skies were cluttered with countless vehicles.

\*Samuel Galactic, *The Galactic Annals*, pp. 180-184.



I ran up to a man in an ultra-modern toga, inquiring, "What year is this?"

"Why, it's 3002," he answered.

"You mean it's 3002?"

"Yes, 3002?"

"3002?"

At this, he retreated, almost as bewildered as I was. Well, Rocky Rogers had goofed and I was stranded in 3002. How delightfully strange, this world of the future! People walked the mechanized streets, glad to be the people they were, tossing their wondrous heads up to the autumn sky, enjoying the crisp sound of leaves and pumpkins. In this October country of thrills and spills the sun looked down like a big fat lollipop, smiling and frowning on its little child, this little blob of mud sailing through space, never knowing . . . never caring . . . never fearing. . .

Anyway, I had to get back to warn the Earth of the Martians. I got it!

Rocky Rogers must still be around. Surely he can help me.

"Sir," I said, approaching an elderly man, "could you tell me where I could contact Rocky Rogers?"

"Hmm . . . Rocky Rogers . . . Rocky Rogers. Name sounds familiar . . . Oh yes, I remember. He was the police officer that was arrested a few years back for fraud. I guess you could —"

"Thanks, mister." One hope destroyed.

Now what was that metaphysical theory? That existence is just a state of mind. Why, I could just think myself back to my own time! It's worth a try.

It worked! Here I was, back in the school corridor. But I was a little inaccurate on the time. Instead of the buzzing crowded hall which I had left, there was a dead silence. I ran to my next period, and here I am. So that is why, Sir, I am late for class.

## Marlowe's Doctor Faustus

PAUL MATTICK, '62

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, "the Muses' darling," is a riddle of literature. That he was born in 1564 — Shakespeare's birthyear also — is little disputed, but there are those who question the generally accepted story of his death twenty-nine years later, when he was stabbed to death in a tavern brawl. And of what happened to Kit Marlowe in those twenty-nine years we know but little. We can be sure, however, that his surviving poems, translations, and plays reveal a great poet and the makings of a great tragic dramatist. J. B. Priestley has written:

. . . an innovator, to whom Shakespeare owed much, is Marlowe, who, if he had not died young, . . . might have rivalled Shakespeare in tragedy.<sup>1</sup>

His gifts show up well in his best-known play, **The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus**, probably written about 1588 and first published in 1604. **Doctor Faustus** is important for the development both of English drama and of the Faust tradition. On its place in literature, it has been called "nothing short of an artistic revolution in its own day"<sup>2</sup>; it was also the first major Faust drama. Staged by English actors in

Germany, it engendered a host of Faust plays, which eventually helped inspire the writing of Goethe's **Faust**.

Marlowe took his plot from an earlier work, the **Historie of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Doctor John Faustus**. This work — call it the English Faust Book — was published in London in 1592, as a translation of a German Faust Book, a collection of the legends which gathered about the figure of a fifteenth-century alchemist and charlatan, Georg Sabellicus, who called himself Faust. The Book is the tale of a man who sells his soul to the devil "to have the pleasure of this world and to know the secrets of hell."<sup>3</sup> Faustus, born of "vertuous parents," studies at Wittenberg, becoming proficient in all arts and a Doctor of Theology. Yet he is not content with "diuinity," and turns his interests to necromancy. He conjures up Mephistophilis and makes with him a pact (written in blood) that the spirit should serve him for twenty-four years, after which time the devil could claim the scholar's body and soul.

Faustus uses his power "to know the secrets of heaven and earth," and to gather wealth and honor for himself. He travels over the globe, discussing

astronomy with his attendant spirit; he indulges in every sensual pleasure; he entertains royalty, and is well rewarded. He raises Helen of Greece from the long-dead and takes her for his mistress. He becomes rich, powerful, famous. But at the end of the twenty-four years the devils come, torture and kill his body, and carry his soul off to Hell.

... for here we have a fearful example ... that we may remember him: that we goe not astray, but take God always before our eies, defying the Diuell and all his works.<sup>3</sup>

Thus the **Historie** is a warning to good Christians not to overstep their Bounds: "Out of Faustus' example euery Christian may learne, but chiefly the stiffe-necked and high minded may learne to fear God and to be careful of their vocation, and to be at defiance with all diuelish workes, as God hath most precisely forbidden."<sup>3</sup>

The play follows this story quite closely<sup>4</sup> and is thus not at all original; but there is great skill in Marlowe's adaptation. For example, the **Historie** has Faustus think on the fate that awaits him, speak to his scholar friends, and then be taken to Hell; in the play he speaks to the scholars first, and so the drama comes to a tremendous climax with Faustus' death speech and the arrival of the devils.

This and other examples (the compression and expansion of incidents and scenes, and the complete elimination of many) show Marlowe's adeptness at the theatrical-mechanical side of adaptation. More important and impressive is his adaptation of ideas; or rather his use of the old terminology to express his own ideas.

In the earlier works Faustus is damned, very simply, because he rejects Christ; but we can see much more in the play. We can view Marlowe as an enlightened (in the sense of the Enlightenment) and urbane skeptic using the mechanism of an attempted escape from God's power to illustrate his ideas on a man's attempt to escape from human limitations. He has Good and Evil Angels speak about God and Salvation in the style of the old morality plays, but they are as much voices of the scholar's conscience, urging him to accept his limitations, to return to hu-

manity, as they are objective forces.

The religious ideas which Marlowe does express are in their own way sophisticated and on a higher level than those of the **Historie**. These are communicated, for the most part, in several conversations which Mephisto has with Faustus on the nature of the world and in particular of Hell. Here the Inferno is conceived of as "less a place of fire and brimstone than a lonely separation from God."<sup>2</sup>

FAUST. Where are you damned?

MEPH. In hell.

FAUST. How comes it, then, that you art out of hell?

MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:

Thinkest thou that I who saw the face of God And tasted the eternal joys of heaven.

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells In being deprived of everlasting bliss?

O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands

Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

This idea was not original with Marlowe, but he first made it poetry.<sup>2</sup>

From a theological point of view, one basic idea of the play is that Faustus is always free to repent, and even to resist the first temptation of evil. Throughout the play he is always on the point, the edge of repentance; but he never quite makes it. One reason for this is unsophisticated enough: that he is threatened by the devils with physical torture if he turns toward God. Another is that he does not believe very strongly in God or Hell. These two reasons are of course connected: because of his lack of faith the only thing which has meaning for him is the immediate, concrete threat of punishment which awaits him if he betrays Lucifer. So he never reaches repentance, but (literally!) loses himself in despair and self-pitiful regret. "I do repent, and yet I do despair."

"The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned."

The moral for the sixteenth century: that man must have faith in Christ, must



not attempt to pass beyond the "circumscribed bounds" set by God. Today we might say that Marlowe is pointing out that Faustus **is** human (shown by his desire for wealth, power, etc.) and is thus doomed to disappointment in his role of **Übermensch**. The limitation is in his very being human.

One interesting point that arises in connection with the theological ideas in **Faustus** is their relationship to Marlowe's religious beliefs. Our information on this is like most of what we know about the poet: scanty and contradictory. But much of the evidence indicates that Marlowe was a blasphemous scoffer at orthodox Christianity. In fact, charges of heresy and atheism were officially brought against him by Richard Baines and Thomas Kyd. At this time, however, Kyd himself was about to be tortured on the same charges, and might have been attempting to shift some of his load to his fellow dramatist.

Marlowe was, however, a member of Raleigh's circle, the School of Night, rationalists who turned the light of reason, logic, and, most of all, constant discussion on all subjects, religion not excluded. It has been claimed (by F. S. Boas) that this was the full extent of Marlowe's atheism; in Elizabethan England "atheism" was a handy catch-all for any departure from religious orthodoxy. Moreover, this problem is tied up with that of Marlowe's political life, and the nature of his mysterious services to the English state.<sup>5</sup> But sources do seem to indicate that the poet often laughed loudly and brashly at orthodox belief.

But how is such scepticism to be reconciled with the rather orthodox theology in **Doctor Faustus**? One suggestion<sup>2</sup> is that Faustus' story is in one sense Marlowe's: that despite his blaspheming apostasy the poet was sometimes overcome by a sense of loss of something, of God; that the Doctor's despair was his own. Although this was possible, a much simpler way of explaining the problem is to recollect that Marlowe, like his contemporary, Shakespeare, was after all a writer for a popular market, the theater. "Of a play one may say . . . that it is the work of three factors, the author, the subject, and the audience. . . . In expressing

his own thought and feeling Marlowe has to remember both what his audience will respect or tolerate and the tradition inherent in the story he is dramatizing. If Faustus is finally handed over to Lucifer, that need not be taken as evidence of the failure of the poet's own freer thought. Neither the story nor his audience would have permitted any other close."<sup>6</sup> So Marlowe chose a flop with excitement and drama; but because he was a poet, he filled it with great poetry, and because he was a thinker he extended and deepened its ideas, while he turned it into good and popular theater.

The play has only two real characters; and in a sense those two are one: Mephistophilis's story is the same as Faustus', and their fall is parallel to that of Lucifer, their lord.

FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPH. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

FAUST. How come it, then, that he is prince of devils?

MEPH. O by aspiring pride and insolence  
For which God threw him  
from the face of heaven.

Faustus, too, is brought down through "aspiring pride and insolence," through a desire to rise above other men. He wants to make himself God (like Lucifer), not satisfied with being favored by God (like Lucifer, again) — with his intelligence. His situation, however, differs from the archdevil's in two ways. First, he has nowhere to go, no new avenue, except to the dominion of the Prince of Hell. By leaving Heaven he joined the Infernal Bloc. Secondly, as we have mentioned, there is always the possibility of his salvation. Theology is indeed a complicated business because of Christ's self-sacrifice; salvation is possible for repenting sinners.

But Faustus has set himself apart from other men. He has cast off his God. In a sense, he **has** escaped a limitation, though only by accepting another (and, in the end, the two are connected), although he can't really believe in either. When he has to choose between them, the only thing that has meaning for him is the threat of punishment. And here, perhaps, is an ultimate moral: that one cannot es-

cape. Beyond heaven is hell. Moreover, he who escapes from humanity loses some of man's attributes: he cannot repent, and hence cannot be saved. The difference between the boundaries of heaven and hell is that hell's is wider. "This is hell, nor am I out of it," Mephisto says.

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed

In one self place, for where we are is hell

And where hell is there must we ever be."

Faustus cannot understand, though the spirit makes it so clear.

FAUST. How, now in hell?

Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damned.

What, walking, talking, disputing, etcetera?

But leaving off this . . .

He does not understand; he is still too human. He can shake off the bonds of heaven but, unlike Mephistophilis, is bound still by the bounds of earth. Yet he becomes a wanderer in Hell as perhaps Marlowe was and as perhaps many poets have been: for are not Faustus and Mephistophilis poets? They are, when they realize their fate: Faustus when he turns to Helen; the devil, when he thinks upon his loss.

For Marlowe has given Mephistophilis a soul. In older medieval works he is just the black and wicked Enemy of God and man. Marlowe, following hence in the Faustus Book, gives him character. He is a sad, rather reflective devil. He is sorrowful at his expulsion from Heaven, and in agony himself, he attempts to warn Faustus even while ensnaring him. So even as he turns the scholar away from "heaven's institutions" his words achieve a poignant wistfulness when he thinks of himself and Lucifer as Faustus' prototypes.

Faustus' character is mysterious and contradictory, like Marlowe's. The magician is a strange creature, one minute laughing at both hell and heaven, the next cringing in fear of his God. He is much more limited than Goethe's Faust. He is a burning man, yet he does not have the drive, egotism, the raging thirst for knowledge and unity, with the meaning and purpose of "*le Dieu Nature*"<sup>7</sup> of the Romantic's hero. And unlike Faust, Faustus never reaches his

goal. He seeks knowledge and gets more information; asks for power and gets a bunch of magic tricks; searches for Beauty and gets only her shadow (for he cannot resuscitate the real Helen, but must have a spirit impersonate her). He is never satisfied, and must ever go on reaching, until at the end everything falls away from him, dissolves, disappears in the presence of death.

That is why **Faustus** is tragic: not because the hero dies in the end, but because he dies without accomplishing anything real. He is never satisfied, never fulfilled. By escaping heaven and man, he flees—to hell. But these worlds are not separate; they are linked, are one. This is why Goethe's Man is successful and Marlowe's is not: Faust recognizes the unity of the cosmos, its oneness, and strives to be a part of it and even to **be it**. Faustus does not; he thinks that he can choose his own path, that he can escape in the end, perhaps from hell, but certainly from God. Bewildered, crushed, lost, in an impasse, he thinks he sees two separate paths and blindly butts his way down one of them. He does not see that they are part of the same pattern. This is his sin, to deny the unity of the universe.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> J. B. Priestley: **Literature and Western Man**, Harper and Brothers, 1960: New York.

<sup>2</sup> Paul H. Kocher: Introduction to **Doctor Faustus**, Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1950: New York; text followed in this essay.

<sup>3</sup> The English Faustus Book, British Museum Text, in Palmer and More: **The Sources of the Faustus Tradition**, Oxford, 1936: New York.

<sup>4</sup> This close following of the *Historie's* plot was, however, in one way unfortunate, for the result is a lack of unity in action and a falling-off of interest between the making of the pact and the approach of its expiation, a space which is filled in the Book with the picaresque details of Faustus' travels. All that Marlowe could show is Faustus' magicking and the trivialities in which he spends his time. These stage well, but they do not have the power, interest, and excitement of the opening and closing scenes.

<sup>5</sup> Indeed, in his biographical note on Marlowe, in **The Centuries' Poetry I** (Penguin Books, 1953), D. K. Roberts has written: ". . . later research has suggested that he was a government agent, and that his murder was for political reasons."

<sup>6</sup> Herbert Grierson: **Cross-Currents in Seventeenth Century English Literature**, Harper Torchbooks, 1957: New York.

<sup>7</sup> Dedeyan: **Le Theme de Faust dans la Littérature Européenne**, 1952: Paris.



# The Quick Brown Fox

KENNETH PORTNOY '61



ONCE upon a time, in a forest in Upper New York State there lived a brown fox who happened to be the fastest animal around. In fact he could outrun or outjump any other creature. When he ran by, the woodland folks would cry out, "Whew! There goes the quick brown fox!" The animals soon noticed that the faster the fox ran, the redder his coat seemed to be! So they began to call him the "quick **red** fox" instead of the "quick **brown** fox."

In time, his fame spread far and wide. Everyone . . . man, woman, child, and animal, had heard about the great swiftness of the red fox. Newspaper headlines would occasionally read: "Quick Red Fox Wins 500 Meter Run!" or "Red Fox Triumphs Again!"

In Washington it came about that there was a very disturbed man in the person of Senator MacHinery. This man was upset because the Red Fox was getting so much attention in the news and just making an all-around sensation of himself. "Now . . . this 'Red Fox,' judging by his name, is obviously a pawn of the Communists," Senator

MacHinery declared; "and we must see that his activities come to an end. We cannot afford to have "Red" influences on the American way of life."

And so, on a prescribed date, there was formed in Congress "The Special Joint Committee for the Investigation of Communist Subversion and Penetration of the Animals of the United States of America." Some objected to this committee, declaring that it was unconstitutional in one way or another; but the good Senator stated that since a great number of animals lived in the National Parks, Congress had every right to investigate the inhabitants thereof.

The Senator demanded that he be the chief prosecutor, and his request was granted. He then drew up an impressive list of witnesses, including two winners of the Kentucky Derby and three stars of Walt Disney nature films.

The first witness was a hyena from South Dakota. "Tell me," began MacHinery, "were you ever a member of the Communist Party?" The hyena, a rather cynical character, just sat on its

haunches and laughed. The Senator turned red in the face. "I'll cite you for contempt of Congress!" he shouted. "How dare you laugh at me?"

Angrily he dismissed the hyena, and called upon a family of skunks from Vermont. MacHinery took one look at them and let forth a fulmination that was heard several blocks away. "Hah! Look at yourselves!" he yelled. "Typical front men for spreading subversive influence. You even dress alike. Typical Communist 'equality'!" But the skunks refused to testify on the grounds they might incriminate themselves.

Then a horse, a veteran of many years in the movies was brought in. "Do you deny the fact that in 1924 you appeared in a movie entitled 'The Edge of Night' in which you pulled a Siberian wagon-load of revolutionaries?" Senator MacHinery asked. The horse just looked sort of pensively at the Senator. "Take him out!" shouted the Senator. "Turn him into glue!"

Soon the hearings had become famous all over the world. Plans were made to televise the meetings to all parts of the earth. The Senator was happy over this decision. He felt that if he added a bit more spark to his questions, he might win an award for the "Best Performance by a Male on Television for the Previous Year."

On the day of the first telecast, the Senator pulled his trump card. He called as his first witness none other than the famous "Quick Red Fox." The Senator eyed his opponent craftily. He paced up and down a few times before he started his questioning. He paused dramatically a moment or two; then he began. "Tell me, did you really think that you were going to get away with it? I mean, breaking all those American track and field records while you were actually a Communist. How could you betray your country? You have a brown coat, yet you call yourself the Red Fox. Is that loyalty? Is that patriotism? Tell me, aren't you a bit ashamed?"

The fox remained silent.

"Fox," bellowed the indignant Senator, "answer the questions as they are directed at you! Why are you a Communist?"

The fox merely yawned.

The Senator was furious. He hastily

called for a temporary adjournment while he gathered further information on the fox. But he spent so much time at this task that the summer soon came and Congress adjourned. All during the summer the Senator "took the stump" drumming up support for his investigating committee.

Finally September came, and Congress reconvened. At once the Senator recalled his committee. A week later the hearings began again.

As the first witness, the Senator called once again on the Quick Red Fox — only now the animal was more of a brownish-white. Lest his hearings go awry, the Senator inquired as to the fox's health. When he was informed that the fox was shedding his brown coat in favor of a white one (in accordance with the laws of nature), the Senator was dumbfounded. He could no longer investigate a red fox. Now the animal would be white.

Sadly, and with much reluctance, the Senator permanently adjourned the hearings. He slowly left the Capitol, and turned toward his office. He was defeated. All the time and effort getting information about the fox — wasted, just wasted. The man was heartbroken.

He started to walk down New Jersey Avenue when a handful of leaves, falling from an ancient oak, struck him in the face. They were not green, but red, for it was autumn. Senator MacHinery paid no attention to this incident, but continued on his way.

More leaves fell, and, with the aid of the wind, were gathered into little piles. By the time the Senator reached his office building, a pile of leaves was heaped under the windows on the first floor.

The Senator stopped for a moment and looked at the leaves. Some were a dull red, others were a bright scarlet. The Senator stood several seconds gazing at the leaves. Then he raised his eyes and looked around him. Everywhere he saw the red leaves on the trees.

As soon as he reached his office he telephoned Morrison, the Editor-in-Chief of the **Washington Clarion**.

"Max," Senator MacHinery cried jubilantly into the phone, "I'm not finished yet — only this time I'm going down to the very root. . ."



# ON POETRY

DAVID SHEVACH '62

**P**OETRY evades definition; for what one critic calls poetry, another calls prose, and what is verse to one, is gibberish to still another. Rhythm can be stagnance; rhyme, stridence. For example, to differing points of view the verse of John Ciardi, poetry editor of the **Saturday Review** is both "schizophrenic, egotistic prose" and "brilliant poetry." **Poetry** magazine, with its colophon of Pegasus, is diagnosed as both leprous and inspirational.

This varied criticism is unique with poetry, for though criticism of other literary forms must also be somewhat, if not almost entirely, subjective, a synthesis of ideas usually develops within which the subjective and the objective meet halfway. Poetry criticism, however, knows no such bounds or even gentlemen's agreement. Poems can be august and trashy, novel and trite, poignant and impotent; and criticism sometimes grows into an oxymoron of nothing.

But why? Why cannot a reliable scale be built to determine the valences of imagery, rhythm, and meter? Poetry's indefinability is the answer; for poetry is protean: it can be sight or sound, touch or taste, punctuation or torrent, metaphoric or meaningless. The problem to be solved in judging a poem is not whether it **is** poetry or whether it fits a cast-iron definition, but rather **how** it is poetry.<sup>1</sup>

Consider the poem "Reaction to a Chinese Laundryman" by George Dowden.

<sup>1</sup> The basic idea here is from John Ciardi's **How Does A Poem Mean?** Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1960.

I understand. He is very old  
and would like to return to China  
to die;  
but two shirt collars were ruined  
and the shirts were poorly pressed

I had to change laundrymen.  
There are still many packages of  
finished  
shirts on his shelves. When I pass  
his window now I lower my head,  
though I am not ashamed.

This piece has no marked rhythm, no meter, no rhyme, and no figures of speech. It reads like terse, asyndetic prose. **Is** it poetry? Only its stanzaic arrangement would seem to separate it from prose. A comparison of the poem with pieces by Poe and Ogden Nash would reveal the limitlessness of poetic forms and purposes. Dowden's picture is poetic in its subtle and provocative expression of pathos. Prose here would be impotent; but if it did achieve the same effect, it would therefore be poetry. The pathos of this particular poem, however, is undoubtedly too transient and weak to deserve much acclaim.

Every criticism must distinguish between valid technique and affectation, stirring truth and verbal cadenzas. Whether a poem is an evanescent image, a painful truth, a tour de force, a pun, a phantom thought, or perhaps a hackneyed coloratura, the problem is not — **is** it poetry, but **what makes it poetry** and how effective is it within its scope.

## HOKKU

The rain comes with teeth  
Nibbles corners of darkness  
Leaves tattered fringes

MITCHELL GREENHILL '62

# REVIEW

## WAITING FOR GODOT

RICHARD KAPLAN '63

THE modern Irish writer, Samuel Beckett, wrote for a small group many years before gaining the international fame that came with the production of his tragi-comic **Waiting for Godot**. Since then he has written more plays, a superb trilogy of novels, and many smaller miscellaneous pieces; though none has attained the dazzling popularity of **Godot**.

**Godot** tells of a lost mankind, destitute in a strange and antagonistic world, seeking a god it will never find. As the drama opens, two tramps, Vladimir and Estragon, the protagonists, are resting on a deserted road, bare except for a twisted and leafless tree. From the opening comments, it is apparent that these two have reached a peak of disillusionment and confusion; they are tired old men whose energy and drive have long since been dissipated, and whose very existence is a day-by-day monotony. No longer capable of rational acts, they spend their time indulging in minute and unimportant arguments and childish bawlings. Even when they decide to hang themselves to escape their misery, they cannot find the strength or will to execute the act. All they can do is to wait for the promised arrival of a rather ambiguous Mr. Godot, whom they have arranged to meet. Godot, or God (as he is clearly recognized to be) is the one thing that may prove redeeming in their futile lives, the last possible hope.

Onto the scene come Pozzo, a worldly gentleman, and Lucky, his slave, kept in the lowest depths of human depravity and servitude by the cruel Pozzo. When the two vagabonds see the frightful condition of the slave, they forget momentarily their own horrible despair and betray the first human emotion, pity for a fellow human. But the two are capable of such humane feelings for only a limited time; and the pity soon gives way to envy and lust for power, as exhibited in Pozzo. Then,

all three join forces in tormenting the poor Lucky until he bursts forth in a long, unbroken monologue. It is in this agonizing outburst that rational and philosophical talk is heard for the first and last time in the play; and, as the slave speaks of God and Man, it is as though Godot himself were addressing the tramps by way of Lucky, who acts as Godot's prophet. The final defeat of Vladimir's and Estragon's yearning to reach Godot comes as they beat Lucky senseless at the conclusion of his speech. The forces of envy and jealousy have blocked their ears to the voice of God. Failure has overtaken them once again, and the play reaches its logical conclusion as they accept the inevitability of this failure.

All of Beckett's latest writings have been based around the themes originally brought forth in **Godot** — despair and the fundamental absurdity of modern "civilizations." In the one character drama entitled **Krapp's Last Tape**, a sordid and filthy old alcoholic sits in his somber room, listening to the tapes that he made in his bright and optimistic youth. In this, Beckett seems to say that all Man's hopes and yearnings end up in failure and a limitless void of oblivion. In the masterful trilogy, **Molloy**, **Malone Dies**, and **The Unnamable**, we find men searching for the reason behind their existence, groping to find their own identity and the motive for their being.

Beckett's work is earning him fame not only because of the importance and ingenuity of his thematic material, but also because of his drastically avant-garde style. In the trilogy, he utilizes very little of the traditional elements of the novel form; that is, character, setting, incident, and overall plot. Instead, he modernizes the style and manner of self-analysis begun with Dostoyevsky in **Notes from Underground**, and continued by Jean-Paul Sartre in his **Nausea**; and the resulting work is one of the most amazing idioms of the century, certainly no less important than James Joyce's "stream of consciousness."

Although **Godot** is not, in itself, theat-



rically revolutionary, it is nevertheless good experimental drama. Both in this play and in his others, Beckett is concerned less with theatrical mechanisms (as was Eugene O'Neill in his great dramas) and more with the basic objective of pure drama. Conventional plays offer a dramatized story, a logical progression of character portrayal and plot development, from which, for the most part, a moral and rational conclusion is born. In the plays of the modern experimentalists, however, the artistic purpose lies outside these accepted principles. In most of Beckett's dramas, for example, action is almost completely absent; and there is no actual "story" to a play such as *Godot*. Beckett may, therefore, be called an **impressionist** and a **surrealist**; he does not attempt to

promulgate the moral of his tale, but vaguely suggests, in an atmosphere of strange unreality, the theme with which he is dealing.

Experimental drama of this nature does not leave the theatre-goer with an uncomplicated sense of finality and satisfaction, but with a feeling of wonder, perhaps bewilderment; for the final solution and conclusion lies with the reader or viewer himself. In this way, modern drama seeks to make the audience as much a part of the play as the actors themselves are, since the actors only suggest the feelings and motives only hazily outlined within the work, and thus they leave the audience with the fascinating task of completing the enigma.

## EDITORIAL

**A**DLAI STEVENSON appears to have lost much of the old beaming optimism, particularly his belief that all countries, regardless of their ideologies, desire peace. Said he in a January 1960 article in *Foreign Affairs*, "... it is likely that in its diplomacy as in its internal development Moscow is reaching the point where Mr. Khrushchev's peaceful coexistence with the West must grow into positive cooperation. Indeed, I suspect the possibility of a new Russian-American alliance is not a wholly original idea in Moscow." It is no error to associate humanity with a desire for harmony and understanding when one is dealing with humanity — a term which incidentally implies benevolence and compassion. However, when those dealt with are unprincipled adherents to an unprincipled ideal which relegates man to the position of an organic cog in a state machine, ordinary standards of behavior no longer hold true.

In his negotiations with the Russians, Ambassador Stevenson has learned this unhappy truth. He entered talks on the Congo question hopeful of finding a peaceful solution based on cooperation between the U. S. and the

U. S. S. R. Instead, he found himself badgered unmercifully. The Russians obviously did not want a Congolese peace that would not leave them in control. The revelation to Stevenson was that a major world power could be wholly unmindful of people's rights to peace, self-determination, and a little bread.

The Ambassador was once popular with the Russians for his tendency to have perhaps too much faith in the sincerity of their statements and in their willingness to compete with us on a straightforward basis. He has written that under the Marquis-of-Queensberry conditions, we would win the cold war. Fortunately, he now sees that such a battle would require the services of an extremely talented referee to insure that the other participant did not hit below the belt.

The Ambassador, it is to be hoped, has realized that his was a misplaced optimism regarding a rabid and thoroughly unscrupulous group. Today his observance of Kennedy policies, combined with his own change of mind, has made him as popular among the Reds as a mongoose in a snakepit.

## Lords and Masters



**M**R. ROY ROSEN, who teaches mathematics in Room 231, was born in New York City, and now resides with his wife and two sons in Brighton. A graduate of Boston English High School, he received his A.B. from Harvard University and his Ed.M. from Boston Teachers' College. In 1958 he was awarded the National Science Foundation Fellowship for a year of study at Harvard. Mr. Rosen came to Boston Latin High School first in 1937 as a substitute teacher for one year, then taught at English High and at Technical High, returning to Boston Latin at the beginning of this school year.

His hobbies include electronics and the Photography Club, of which he is the faculty advisor. He is also interested in statistics for applied mathematics and topology, which he considers especially important at the present time. In the summer his interests turn to camping, which he enjoys with his family.

When questioned about the Boston Latin curriculum, he stated: "It is essentially a good one, but will require changes as time goes on."

**M**R. CARMINE ALBERT VARA, who teaches science in Room 323, lives in Medford with his wife and two children. A native Bostonian, he attended our illustrious alma mater, Boston Latin, class of '48, where he was active in track and the REGISTER. He then went to Boston College, receiving his A.B. and Ed.M. there. Before returning to this establishment, he taught in the Medford High School system.

Mr. Vara, who will study at Tufts this summer, will fill his spare hours, if any, with bowling and golf. An active Kiwanian, he accepted the great responsibility of the Key Club sponsorship this year and gave the program an extraordinary boost.

His farewell message to the class of '48 was:

"The wrong way always seems to be the right way."

Now his advice to us strikes a different, more serious mood: "You have to be proud of an institution that has been turning out a good product for 326 years. Be proud of your school and give her reason to be proud of you."





## SOMETHING OF INTEREST



ON March 9, 10, and 11, **Register** Co-editors, Daniel Barnett and Gunars Viksnins, and staff-member Paul Mattick represented the magazine at The Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention in New York City. The **Register**, entered in the nation-wide high school and college publication competition sponsored by Columbia University, captured the top award — a Medalist.

On the first and second Mondays in March, Daniel Barnett, Robert Branca, Allan Campagna, James Miller, and Peter Kenny participated in the annual Student Government Week Exchange with Scituate. On March 6 our delegation visited Scituate High School, toured the town of Scituate and were guests at the Scituate town meeting; on March 13 the Scituate delegation was the guest of the school and the City of Boston at a luncheon at Patten's Restaurant and a Boston City Council meeting.

Congratulations to James Shoolman,

who was recently elected District Secretary of the New England District Key Club, and to Edward Jay, elected Lieutenant Governor of District Five.

Recognition of outstanding achievement is extended to the top participants in the 12th Annual Mathematical Contest sponsored jointly by the Mathematical Association of America and the Society of Actuaries. First place in the school was Richard Temkin; second — Martin Hoffman; third — Paul Levitt. Temkin received the Mathematical Association of America Award.

Congratulations to Bruce Mack who won the Brown University Alumni Prize, given to an outstanding junior student of English.

Edward Baily, James Shoolman, Barry Ring, John Palladino and other members of the Social Science Club participated in two major conferences — The Mass. Society of Health, sponsoring "Teenage Morality and Mass Media" and The Inter-Group Relations Conference at Boston University, sponsored by The National Conference of Christians and Jews. The club has also sponsored a program for world understanding, featuring speakers from Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Their Volunteer program finds a number of boys on the World Affairs Council, International Friendship League, United Community Service, and The National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Mitchell Greenhill and Paul Mattick, both **Register** members, have been accepted for early admission to college from their junior year; Greenhill to Antioch College and Harvard University; Mattick to Haverford College with a large scholarship.

Mr. Russo's last stage production was marked by the success of the former Broadway hit "Time Limit." Thanks and appreciation are extended to the stage crew, the girls from Roslindale High School, and our up-and-coming hams — Steve Fishman and Gerald Hillman.

# SPORTS



## **Butkus Blanks Tech. 5-0**

After weeks of cold, rainy weather that had greatly hampered outdoor practice, Latin opened its season against Tech. The Purple led with its ace, lefty Bob Butkus; the opposition countered with big fire-balling Bill MacGillvary. The game was a pitcher's duel until the fourth inning, when, after a walk and a single by Pete Treska, Boots Connelly singled home the season's first tally. In the fifth the Purple added three more runs on an error and a two-run single by Richie Abraham. Sixth inning singles by Connelly and Butkus, followed by a double-steal, completed the day's scoring.

Congratulations and condolences to "Bud" Butkus, who was deprived of a no-hitter when in the last inning the umpire ruled a runner safe on a close play at first base.

**Highlights:** The infield of Abraham, Treska, Sikora and Stanhivicz was flawless in support of Butkus. Treska sparkled both afield and at bat. Third baseman Abraham provided the game's defensive achievement when he dove to his left, gloved a low smash, bounced to his feet, and easily threw out the runner.

## **Purple Edges Dot. 6-5**

Timely hitting and effective relief-pitching gave Latin a come-from-behind victory over a surprising Dorchester nine. In the third inning, the enemy jumped to a 4-0 lead on two Latin miscues and a base-clearing triple. In the last half of the frame, the Purple retaliated with Richie Abraham's two-run single. In the sixth, the visitors added a run on a hit batsman, a walk, and a single. Latin then won the game with a



clutch, sixth-inning rally. "Boots" Connelly, pinch-hitter Bob Butkus, and Cy Dumas all singled. A wild throw by the Dot catcher cleared the bases and tied the game. Ernie Caporale singled, stole second, and then scored on Dick Stanhewicz's double. In the final inning, Kevin Kerrigan came on to strike out the side and preserve the victory for reliever Jerry Weinstein.

**Retrospect:** Both teams made costly errors today, as Latin lost some of its opening game sharpness. Pete Treska's steady fielding at shortstop has been a bright spot in both games thus far.

### Latin Downs Tech 8-3

Latin gained its sixth straight victory today as it clung to an early lead and outdistanced the Tech nine. In the first inning, a series of walks, followed by "Boots" Connelly's bases-loaded single, provided a five-run cushion. The Tech relief pitcher blanked the Latinites until the fifth, when singles by Dick Stanewicz and "Richie" Abraham, a sacrifice bunt by Pete Treska, and an error, produced a sixth run. Latin finished its scoring in the seventh as Stanewicz's triple, Abraham's single, and Mitch Sikora's double netted two runs.

Meanwhile Tech bunched hits in the first, fourth, and fifth to score single runs in each frame. However, the Technicians could not draw closer than three runs as Bob Butkus gained his third win.

**Hindsight:** The "Kid Keller" extended his hitting streak to six games, as he, Abraham, and Stanewicz each collected two hits. Centerfielder Cy Dumas contributed today's defensive gem when his great throw nipped a runner at the plate.

### Latin 7 - Dot 2

Behind the steady pitching of Matt Murphy, Latin gained a clear-cut victory over Dot. In the first, the Purple tallied twice on walks to Keller and Treska, Bob Butkus' single, and Dick Stanhewicz's sacrifice fly. In the last half of the frame, several Latin miscues and a pair of hits gave Dot two runs. In the second, a walk, singles by Connelly and Keller, and a two-run single by Treska produced three runs. In the fourth, Treska's second two-run single completed the scoring.

### Latin Tips Trade 6-4

Scoring twice in the last inning, Latin today edged Trade to gain its third consecutive league victory. In the third inning, the Latinites scored three tallies. After Bob Butkus had reached on an error, Kev Kerrigan tripled, Tom Keller singled, stole second, and scored on Mitch Sikora's single. In the fourth, Dick Stanhewicz doubled, advanced to third on an infield out, and scored on a double steal. The last half of the fourth was disastrous as a combination of loose infield play, walks, and a timely hit enabled the Tradesmen to score four big runs. Reliever Paul Clifford finally extinguished the blaze. In the seventh, the Purple tallied the deciding runs; Sikora tripled, Caporale singled, Stanhewicz forced Caporale and moved to second on an infield out; and Treska singled to drive in the final run.

**Odds and Ends:** Paul Clifford was a fireman deluxe as he held the Tradesmen scoreless over the final four frames.

### Butkus Whitewashes B. C. High 5-0

Bob Butkus pitched his second consecutive, brilliant, one-hit shutout, and led Latin's offensive assault in an extremely satisfying victory over the Eaglets of B. C. High. In the first inning, the Purple grabbed a two-run lead, as Tom Keller singled, Ernie Caporale walked, "Richie" Abraham singled to score Keller, and Caporale scored on an infield error. In the fifth, Latin struck again — "Boots" Connelly boomed a triple to deep right center, Butkus followed with a triple to the same spot, and scored on a throwing error by the catcher. In the sixth, Harry Jacobs reached on an error, advanced to second on an infield putout, and scored on Butkus' single.

Mixing a sharp curve, a knuckler, and a fast ball, the crafty southpaw struck out eleven, didn't walk a man, and didn't allow a ball to reach the outfield. Again the bare hit came on a close decision at first.

### Latin Tops Trade 6-5

Overcoming an early four-run deficit, the Purple today gained an uphill victory over a determined Trade team. In the first inning, the opposition tallied four runs on a single, double, walks, and a series of squeeze plays. In the

second, Latin launched its comeback as a hit batsman, a walk, and singles by "Mitch" Sikora, and "Boots" Connelly produced two runs. In the third, Dick Stanewicz singled and came all the way around as the Tradesmen committed two errors on Richie Abraham's ground ball. Sikora followed with a single to knot the game at four all. A fifth-inning homerun gave the enemy a brief lead, which Stanewicz's double and Butkus' single in the bottom half of the inning soon erased. Latin won the game with a Yankee-like rally in the final inning: with two outs and no one on base, Stanewicz walked, Abraham singled, the Butkus singled to deep right center to score the clincher.

**Highlights:** Paul Clifford turned in another fine relief stint as he allowed only one run in six innings. Bob Butkus was credited with the victory although he pitched to only the final batter, the same who blasted the fifth-inning "round tripper".

#### **Purple Nips B. C. High 5-4**

Undefeated Latin extended its winning skein to eight games with a close 5-4 decision over the Eaglets. In the first inning, Tom Keller led off with a bunt single, Pete Treska doubled, and Kevin Kerrigan followed with a two-run single. In the fourth, a walk to Richie Abraham and a triple by Mitch Sikora added a third run. In the fifth, several favorable close decisions and a cluster of singles enabled B. C. High to tie the game. In the seventh, Abraham's double, an intentional pass to Butkus, and a two-run double by Sikora made the score 5-3. In the eighth, the Eaglets tallied once on a walk, an error, and a single; but in the ninth, Butkus set the

side down in order to preserve the victory.

**Retrospect:** In the fourth inning, Center-fielder Cy Dumas contributed a sparkling shoe-string catch. Bob Butkus pitched another great game, and is now 5-0. Sympathies to Catcher "Boots" Connelly who today was almost "foul tipped" to death.

#### **Latin Upsets English**

In a typical team victory, Latin outplayed a highly vaunted but cocky English nine. Both teams scored in the first, as English took advantage of an umpire's charity and tallied three runs on three hits. In the last of the first, Tom Keller blooped a single to left and circled the bases as the enemy committed a comedy of errors. Ernie Caporale reached on an error and later scored on a fielder's choice. In the second, after Dumas was hit by a pitch and Pete Treska walked, Caporale singled to score Dumas, who dumped the catcher and enabled Treska to scamper home. English scored once in the fourth to deadlock and game at 4-all. In the fifth, Latin cracked the game open: Caporale singled; Stanewicz's single skidded past the right fielder for three bases; Abraham singled; Butkus tripled to climax the three-run rally. In the seventh, Latin added two on a walk, Abraham's triple, and an error. Guindon's eighth-inning homerun made the final score 9-5.

**Highlights:** Bob Butkus, the league's best, finished strongly to gain his sixth win. Latin's 9-0 record is due mainly to fine pitching and a balanced lineup that contains dangerous hitters from top to bottom and allows an opposition pitcher no "letup".

## **CREW**

Under the competent coaching of Mr. Fielding, this year's crew recently got off to a promising start. Practice is held every day after school at the Union Boat House. Few know the long hours of grueling practice required to compete in the Regimentals against such top-notch crews as our admirable foes, Technical, Trade, and English High.

This year's roster includes: Chadie, Ernest, Edges, Lawson, Friedberg, Lynch, Quinn, Sullivan, Hughes, Ahearn, Winstanley, Crabbe, Davis, White, Griffen, and Weinstein. McLaughlin, Selett, and Gilmore are coxswains.

Mr. Fielding reveals that many of our former crew members have become very prominent on such Ivy League



teams as Harvard Mr. Fielding promises that there will be an opportunity for many boys of classes 4 and 3 to join the crew next fall.

Acquainted with many of this year's crew, I know the rugged practice sessions and the all-out, back-breaking races held every Thursday. Three cheers to all the members! Here's to another successful season!



## TRACK

The Boston City League Track crown has gone to Boston English. Latin finished in fifth place with a total of



twenty-six points. Once again Latin fared poorly in the Class A events. Our

lone scorer was Bill Green, who finished fourth in the shot put.

In the Class B events we fared better. Paul Lima, a sophomore, placed third in the 220. Garr Holland, another sophomore, surprised everyone with a tremendous leap of 5' 10 1/4", capturing second place in the high jump. Frank Cronin pulled the upset of the day by capturing first place in the discus, with a heave of 95'-11 1/2". Bill Keefe also placed in the discus, finishing in fourth place, to give Latin its best showing of the day.

Ironically, Class C contestants, usually our brightest performers, fared poorly. John Walters finished fourth in the 220. The cousins, Jerry Lynch and Cliff Javey, placed first and third respectively in the 100-yard dash; Lynch's time was 10:6.

**TAPE WORMS:** Again this year the Latin School Track Team has fared badly — probably because of a general lack of interest in school track. In the Class A events we do not have enough boys competing; naturally our chances of winning are slim. Our sophomores and freshmen are carrying the burden by themselves. But though this meet was not very successful, we do find hopes for next year. With sophomores Lima, Holland, Cronin, Keefe, Walters, and freshmen Lynch and Javey all returning, there is much to look forward to in another season.



## REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

**April 27:** Senator Caples of the House Committee on Subversive Activities showed films of the lunchroom boycott in the assembly hall today.

**April 28:** Master: "What are the three Latin verbs most common in English?"

Snirt: "Fecit, gessit and missit, sir?"

**May 1:** Today is May Day . . . uh, er in Russia I mean . . . uh, er in Cuba . . . I mean . . .

**May 2:** Nietzsche: Oh, you graduated, eh! Cum laude?

Goethe: No, Mirabile dictu.

**May 3:** "Sir, How do you do these trig problems?"

"With ease, natürlich."

**May 4:** Around about the time of the monthly reports to the parents, it seems that most teachers are like the old preacher who claimed that he was quite open to conviction, but that he would like to see anyone convince him.

**May 5:** What notorious businessman in 202 lost his shirt in the recent topple of the fish market?

**May 8:** On Avenue Louis Pasteur the R. R. R. noticed the sign — SCHOOL \* DON'T KILL A CHILD, underneath which was carefully penciled — WAIT FOR A TEACHER.

**May 9:** Master: "So, son, you said I was a learned jackass, did you?"

Schopenhauer: "No, sir, I merely said you were a burro of information."

**May 10:** Overheard in Gym: "Any boy wearing a green T-shirt with his purple trunks will receive one mark for lack of aesthetic value!"

**May 11:** Sign in Mr. O'Leary's office: NOTHING CENSURED, NOTHING

GAINED.

**May 12:** Master: "Kirkegaard, give me the first line of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Kirkegaard: "Golly, gee, sir, I didn't know he lived there."

**May 15:** Overheard in 307: Mr. Gordon: "Ibsen, do you know which Pope gave you your present calendar?"

Ibsen: "Oh, no, sir. We get ours from the grocer."

**May 16:** Sartre: "Sir, is it true that mosquitoes cry?"

Master: "Quite possibly, my boy. I've seen a moth ball."

**May 17:** When Polonius said, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," he didn't realize what kind of money can be made at eight per cent interest.

**May 18:** "Why were you late coming home from school today?" an irate mother asked.

"I overslept," he said.

**May 22:** Fermi: "How come you goin' ta Harvard?"

Teller: "I was rejected by B. U."

**May 23:** Overheard in 223: Football player: "Duh, uh, sir, I'd like a nurse's slip, huh?"

Master: "Hah! I'd like to see you in a nurse's slip!"

**May 24:** Master: "A quotation — 'Tis Spring and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of' . . . what, Sophocles?"

Sophocles: "Uh, I'd rather not say, sir."

**May 25:** Overheard in 207: "Give four evidences of Shakespeare's versatility."

Pliny: "Shakespeare, among other

things, must have been a mechanic before his time. Observe:

Henry VIII, I, 1: "To climb steep hills requires a slow pace at first."

Merry Wives, III, 5: "I've had fords, enough!"

MacBeth II, 2: "Whence is that knocking!"

Henry V, III, 3: "The battery once again."

**June 1:** Ye R.R.R. found a couple of strange bottles in his desk; A bottle of shampoo, and a bottle of realpoo.

**June 3:** The girl: "I wonder why they call it free verse?"

The poet: "Have you ever tried to sell any?"

**June 5:** Speaking of the Junior Prom —

Boris: "Do you know the difference between a bus and a taxi-cab?"

Natasha: "Nope."

Boris: "Gee, that's swell. Let's take the bus."

**June 9:** In order to stay "in" with the Harvard administration, Mr. Hopkinson would not let us show our symaphies and become — **Regestri Relatus Rabiens.**

**June 13:** Viksnins, Barnett and Correnti go into hiding in their official C. D. fallout shelter, bearing the Latin legend — **NUFF SED.**





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